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Daughters of Jerusalem. **FULL ANTHEM FOR PALM SUNDAY**

COMPOSED BY

GEORGE J. ELVEY, Mus. Doc., Oxon.,
 Organist to Her Majesty, and Organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

[London : NOVELLO & CO., 69, Dean Street, Soho, and 35, Poultry.]

TREBLE. *Largo.* *p* *cres.* *dim.*
 Daughters. daughters, daughters of Je - ru - sa - lem, weep not for me,

ALTO. *p* *cres.* *dim.*
 Daughters, daughters, daughters of Je - ru - sa - lem, weep not for me,

TENOR,
 (8ve. lower.) *p* *cres.* *dim.*
 Daughters, daughters, daughters of Je - ru - sa - lem, weep not for me,

BASS. *p* *cres.* *dim.*
 Daughters, daughters, daughters of Je - ru - sa - lem, weep not for me,

ACCOMP. *Largo.* *p* *cres.* *dim.*
 ♩ = 96.

weep not for me, weep not for me. Daughters of Je - ru - sa - lem, weep not for

weep not for me, weep not for me. Daughters of Je - ru - sa - lem, weep not for

weep not for me, weep not for me. Daugh - ters of Je - ru - sa - lem, weep not for

weep not for me, weep not for me. Daughters of Je - ru - sa - lem, weep not for

me, but weep for yourselves, weep for yourselves, and for your chil -

me, but weep for yourselves, weep for your - selves, . . . and for your

me, but weep for yourselves, weep for yourselves, and for your chil -

me, but weep for yourselves, weep for yourselves, and for your

dren, weep, . . . weep for your chil - dren, weep, weep

chil - dren, weep, weep for your chil - dren, weep, weep

- dren, for your chil - dren, weep for your chil - dren, weep, weep

chil - dren, and for your chil - dren, for your chil - dren, weep, weep,

. . . for your chil - dren, weep, weep, . . . weep not for me.

for your chil - dren, weep, weep, . . . weep not for me.

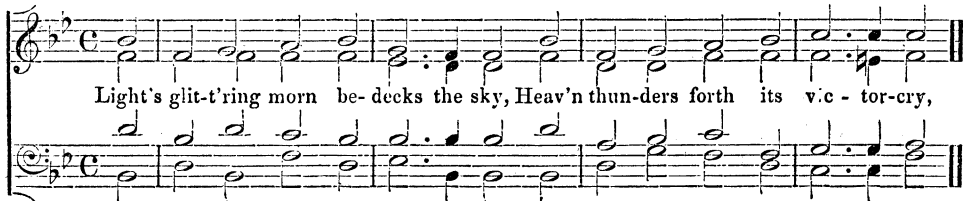
for your chil - dren, weep, weep, weep . . . not for me.

for your chil - dren, weep, weep not, weep not, weep not for me.

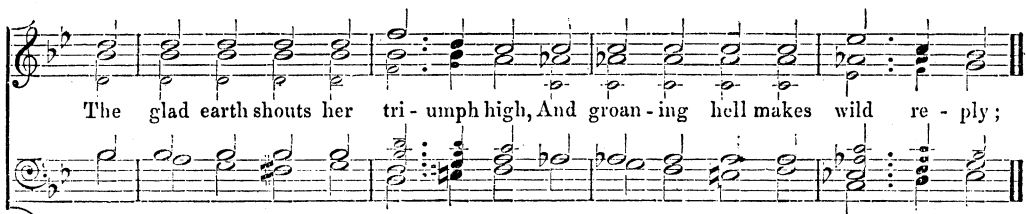
Hymn for Easter.

"The LORD is King, and hath put on glorious apparel."

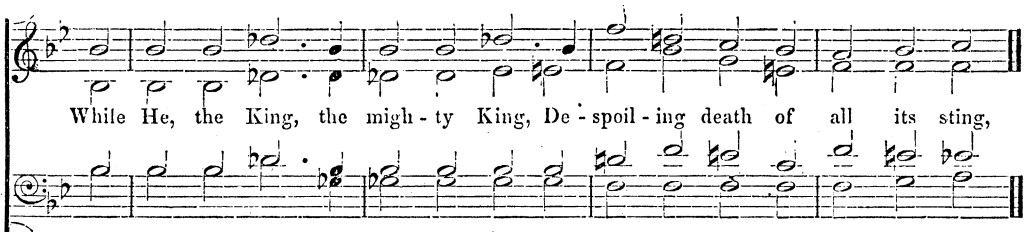
J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



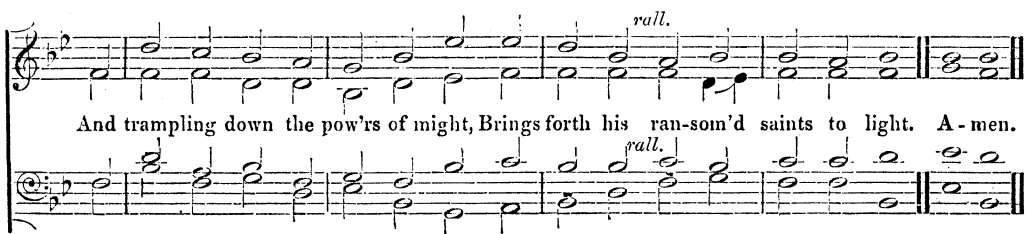
Light's glit-t'ring morn be-decks the sky, Heav'n thun-ders forth its vic-tor-cry,



The glad earth shouts her tri-umph high, And groan-ing hell makes wild re-ply;



While He, the King, the migh-ty King, De-spoil-ing death of all its sting,



And trampling down the pow'rs of might, Brings forth his ran-som'd saints to light. A-men.


His tomb of late the threefold guard
Of watch and stone and seal had barred;
But now, in pomp and triumph high,
He comes from death to victory.
The pains of hell are loosed at last;
The days of mourning now are past;
An Angel robed in light hath said,
"The LORD is risen from the dead."

O LORD of all, with us abide
In this our joyful Easter-tide;
From every weapon death can wield
Thine own redeemed for ever shield.
All praise be Thine, O risen LORD,
From death to endless life restored;
All praise to GOD the FATHER be,
And HOLY GHOST, eternally. Amen.

Hymn for Easter.

“Worthy is the **LAMB** that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.”

J. BARNBY.



Christ the Lord is risen to day, Chris-tians, haste your vows to pay,

Of-fer ye your prais-es meet, At the Pas-chal vic-tim's feet.

For the sheep the Lamb hath bled, Sin-less in the sin-ner's stead;

“Christ is risen,” to-day we cry; Now He lives no more to die. A-men.

CHRIST, the Victim undefiled,
Man to God hath reconciled;
Whilst in strange and awful strife
Met together Death and Life.
Christians, on this happy day
Haste with joy your vows to pay;
“CHRIST is risen,” to-day we cry;
Now He lives no more to die.

CHRIST, Who once for sinners bled,
Now the first-born from the dead,
Throned in endless might and power,
Lives and reigns for evermore.
Hail, eternal Hope on high!
Hail, Thou King of victory!
Hail, Thou Prince of Life adored!
Help and save us, gracious LORD. Amen.